lie was able to experience, and concludes: ". . . and then this, of whose horror nothing can give an idea: to feel, monstrously in my flesh, the uselessness of my legs. . . ." But, dear Mithouard, in the train, in a carriage, etc. . . .

Already some time ago I noticed, in his *Traite de I'Occident,* I believe, or his *Tourment de I'Unite** the great number of false quotations. He wrote-thinking he was quoting Bouilhet: "Eternally Virgin from having borne her God" — and in the belief that he was quoting Stendhal: "Love is a promise of happiness/' and so on. This derives from the same spiritual shortcoming. I pointed this out to him in Rome, where I met* him with Maurice Denis. He excused himself by saying: "I have noted all those things on cards; one hasn't the time always to go back to the sources!"

Oh, the Sources! the *pure* sources![10] But that is precisely just where one should drink and never let one's thirst be slaked by other waters.

Thus, because Mithouard was afraid in a balloon and because he stifled in a mine, he concludes that Ibsen and Tolstoy are not proper reading for a Frenchman.

6

June

Having left La Guimorais (Saint-Malo) at eight in the morning, I reach Tregastel at eight in the evening. Went to pick up my mail at Saint-Coulomb. Lamentable letter from Fedor Rosenberg telling of the death of their little Sonia.

"I should so much like to know, Mummy . . . just what do people call an *idyll?"* she asked on her last day.

Got a real sunburn over almost my whole body by letting myself brown on the beach yesterday.

Four hours to kill in Rennes. Read some Bergson in the train.

Found at the Rennes fair a Pushkin, with which I

immediately de-
light myself; *Boris* is more beautiful than I remembered.

Emotion of my arrival at Tregastel — an emotion such as I no longer thought my *age* capable of feeling. I cycled almost all the way from Lannion to Tregastel, the wagon with my suitcase following at some dis-
tance. Radiant evening; light, almost cold air. The sun is on the point of going down as I enter the courtyard of the hotel.

. . . As a reaction I have plunged deeper into Pascal; sketched out two important dialogues of *La Porte faroite.* Went swimming every day.

[9] *Treatise on the Occident* and *The Torment of Unity.*

[10] In French the word *source* means both "source" and "spring."